

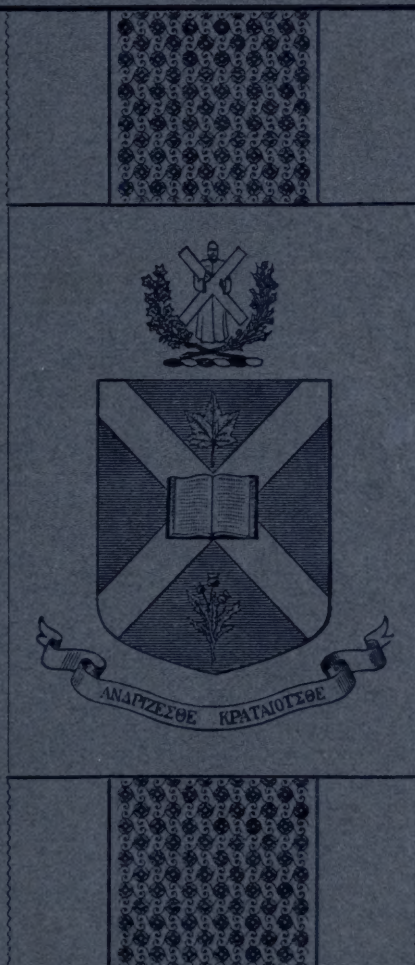


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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.



TORONTO ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ JUNE, 1901

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COLLEGE GROUP, 1901.

St. Andrew's College Review

VOL. I.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1901.

NO. 1.

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W. A. RATCLIFFE, - - - Business Manager
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THIS, the first edition of the SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW, is a paper edited entirely by the boys. In it all forms are represented, from the Preparatory to the Fifth Form. We, the editors, have endeavored to produce a paper which will not only interest the boys, but also older people.

We are sure that no subscriber will regret the pleasant moments spent buried in the depth of such highly classical literature such as St. Andrew's College alone can produce.

The objects of this paper are twofold—to encourage the boys to literary work, such as composing essays, short stories, poems, etc., and to give them a business education as well; and to improve the mind of the reader. For through books, and through this one in particular, is the chief and most accessible road to *knowledge*—*knowledge* because it includes the other two results of reading, *discipline* and *culture*.

This paper will be issued once a term, and no doubt each succeeding number will be more interesting than its predecessor.

W. J. LEA.

St. Andrew's College.

BY H. G. LANGLOIS.

St. Andrew's College was founded at Toronto in the year 1899 as a residential and day college under the auspices of the Presbyterian denomination.

The situation for the college could not have been better chosen, and may justly be considered one of the best in every way for this kind of a college. The college has the convenience of lying quite within the city, yet it possesses beautiful and extensive grounds, which, we may safely say, are unexcelled by those of any similar college. As their name, "Chestnut Park," implies, the grounds are beautified on every hand by scores of large chestnut trees, interspersed with maples, pines, firs and beeches, and also some trees of rarer variety seldom seen in this country.

The first thing to be seen on entering the gate is the carriage drive, otherwise called the bicycle track, which, running through a thick avenue of trees, encircles the campus and front part of the grounds. Let us take a stroll around this path some fine spring morning, shaded by the blossoming chestnut. Walking along we soon get an excellent view of the house through a break in the line of trees. The house is a

large, old-fashioned brick building abounding in projecting wings and wide balconies and verandahs, numerous sharp pointed gables and a large glass conservatory running out from the side at which we are looking. Altogether the house is in good keeping with its surroundings and presents a pleasing picture to the eye. Walking on a little farther we see a small summer-house among the trees, which forms a cool and pleasant retreat, protected from the sun by the thick foliage and surrounded by lilies of the valley which grow wild in the cool-shaded ground. Let us now come out from among the trees and take a look at the campus. This is a grass-covered plot of ground about three hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty in breadth, its boundaries marked on every side by the magnificent trees which surround the whole premises. Continuing up the path we soon come to the gate of the apple orchard. This orchard is a commodity which the school is very fortunate in possessing. It is very large and contains all varieties of apples, from northern spies to russets, and is a great source of pleasure to the boys, as well as supplying the school with apple-sauce for the whole winter. At present some of these trees are in full blossom, and others having cast off their bloom are already beginning to form their fruit.

Now, take a view of the garden which lies next to the orchard and is separated from the walk by a low cedar hedge. It is devoted principally to the cultivation of vegetables. Rows of beans, peas, carrots, potatoes and other similar products may be seen springing up. In one corner stands a large and pretentious heap of rhubarb which seems to be one of the most used products of the garden. A number of very fine pear trees also grow here and in a corner an old white windmill raises its head high above the trees. Next we enter upon the school court-yard, which is a gravel-paved plot of ground surrounded on three sides by sheds of different kinds, most of them used for storing old lumber, and a few utilized as bicycle sheds. Here is situated also the school gymnasium. Continuing down the path we soon arrive at the front gate from which we started.

If the visitor should return to see the grounds again in autumn they would present quite a changed spectacle. The foliage of the maple trees is now turning to a reddish brown color, and the leaves and ripened chestnuts are falling at every breeze. Now is the time for apples, and every day sees the orchard invaded by hungry boys at the risk of punishment, but, of course, this does not deter them. But as the months advance the December frost strips the trees of their foliage, and the long-threatened snow begins to fall, advancing silently but surely and covering the earth with its white coat. The whole effect is rather

cold and dreary, especially the leafless trees which stand sharply outlined against the white background. The grounds seem to have a changing beauty for every season as each imprints its mark only to be erased by the next.

As to the history of the college, a few words will suffice as St. Andrew's has only been in existence for two years, and has still to make most of its history. It was founded in 1899 as before stated, and opened on September 10 of that year with an attendance of about fifty boys, about fifteen of whom were boarders. Doctor Bruce was the first principal and the staff consisted of five masters, the school being divided into four forms. At the beginning of the winter term about fifty new boys were added to the attendance. During the term the staff was increased by another master, Mr. Davy, and a fifth form was also formed. As Dr. Bruce was forced through ill-health to resign his position, Rev. D. B. Macdonald was chosen as principal, and has since ably filled the position. During the spring term the school was brought into more prominence than before and the garden party held at the closing created a very favorable impression of the college as a whole. In September the school re-opened with an attendance of over eighty boys, about thirty-four of whom were boarders, and a separate house for junior boys was opened up under the care of Dr. Meyer, which has turned out to be quite a success. In this term a sixth form was organized for boys taking honor matriculation and first year Varsity work. The beginning of the winter term found a large number of new boys added to the college roll-call. At present the college contains about one hundred boys, about forty-five of these being house boys, and if the remarkable progress of the school continues there will be a large increase in attendance when the school re-opens in autumn. Apart from mere school work the boys have not been backward in their sports and other organizations which is shown by the reports of different games played in season and by the record of the literary society, but the full history of these is reserved for another page. Altogether we can comment very favorably on the great progress of the college since it opened. So far it has been a great success and will continue its successful career, as long as directors, masters and boys remain steadfast by their well-chosen college motto

The Disadvantages of Living in Russia.

BY P. GILLESPIE.

The Russian empire covers an area of 8,600,000 square miles, and the population is about 127,000,000 of people.

First, the climate of Russia is very trying, the winter being noted for its length, severity and the enormous amount of snow which it brings. But the Russian is very sensible; he keeps his house warm and wears light clothing inside, but when he goes out he wraps himself up in enormous furs which even their climate cannot penetrate. When he goes

into a store or a house of any kind he takes off his overshoes, leggings, furs, etc., and then piles them all on again when he goes out. So that really half his life is spent in changing, but the other half is comfortable.

Every man, woman and child in Russia must have a passport, which is made out by the police, and has a man's name, address, place of birth, age, weight, height, and in fact an exact description of him in every way. This passport has to be renewed every year at his place of birth at a cost of three dollars. If a man has no passport he is arrested and sent to Siberia for life, and if he has lost his passport he is arrested and sent back to his place of birth to be identified.

The way it is done is this: All the main roads have prisons, three Russian miles (corresponding to twenty-one English miles) apart. So that when a man is found without a passport, he is put in charge of a guard of soldiers who take him to the first prison on the way to his city. There he waits till the gang, which consists of about thirty-six, is made up. Then they chain his arms and legs to the next prisoner, and so he walks to the next prison, when his guards go back and a fresh guard takes him to the next one. So, as a man may easily be ten thousand miles away from his native town, he generally dies on the way, for it would take more than a lifetime to get there, or if it is near enough for him to reach it, if he is not identified by the police, he is sent to Siberia for life.

Again, the Russian government is so afraid of Anarchy and Nihilism making headway, that nobody is allowed to have more than five persons in his house at a time without a special permit from the police, and nobody is allowed to read a book unless it is stamped by the government.

In fact, no matter how excellent a man's reputation, no matter how innocent he may be of Anarchy, Nihilism or murder, he travels, rests, eats and sleeps tracked by the Russian police.

Every boy when he arrives at the age of twenty-one must enter the army, and no boy between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one is allowed to leave the country, and in fact everyone desirous of leaving the country for any reason whatever must get a special passport from the police for which they pay twenty dollars.

In the south of Russia the time of famine is as long as the time of plenty, and the public have become so used to it that the appeal for assistance makes no effect upon them, and as the government gives no help the poor peasants are most of the time in a terrible state of starvation.

Now when we compare the tyranny in Russia to the freedom in Canada, it ought to make us sensible of our privileges, and desirous of showing our appreciation of the fate which has placed us here in Canada instead of in Russia.

Here's a protest to unexpected shower baths from overhead, administered by hungry boarders.

Football.

BY G. A. J. BOAK.

St. Andrew's College opened for its first term in September, 1899. With it, as with other colleges, games such as football, hockey and cricket, which form a part of every boy's college life, began.

As football is the autumn game, it was therefore the first in which St. Andrew's College had a team representing it.

During the first year of a college there is generally only a comparatively small number of boys from which to select a good team. The boys, however, decided that they would do the best they could, and accordingly a team was formed with Bruce Gordon as captain. A considerable number of games were played with teams from other colleges and schools, but our boys were not generally as successful as they no doubt wished to be.

enjoyable trip, being entertained while there by the Ridley team, and the boys will, no doubt, look forward to the next game with them with great pleasure.

Upper Canada's third team was very anxious to play us, and a game was arranged in which we won by a good margin. As this was our first victory, all the members of the team determined that it would not be the last, and a few days later we again met the Harbord team and this time won.

Our next game was with a team from Jarvis Collegiate, and our team again upheld the honor of the college by winning with a good score.

Another game was played with Upper Canada second team, and we this time lost by only one point.

With this game the season closed. Although the team did not win a large number of matches, it made,



THE COLLEGE BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH

When the college opened in September, 1900, a large number of new boys, both boarders and day pupils, came to us from other places and schools, so the prospects for the football season looked a good deal brighter than they had looked a year ago.

About a week after the college opened a meeting was held, at which Reg. MacIntyre was elected captain. Practice soon started. All the boys seemed to take an interest in the game, and with the coaching of Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Barr, they soon began to show improvement.

Our first game was played against a team from Harbord Collegiate, in which we were defeated. This, however, did not discourage us, and about a week later, we met the same team, which this time only succeeded in defeating us by two points.

We then decided that we would meet a team from our rival college, Upper Canada, and a game was played with their second team, in which we were again defeated.

About the middle of October the team went to St. Catharines to play Ridley College. As was expected, Ridley won, but we nevertheless had a very

I think, a very creditable showing for a team representing so young a college.

We who are not to return here next fall will, no doubt, look back with pleasure to the many days spent on the football field, and at the end of each season be anxious to hear how successful the St. Andrew's College football team has been.

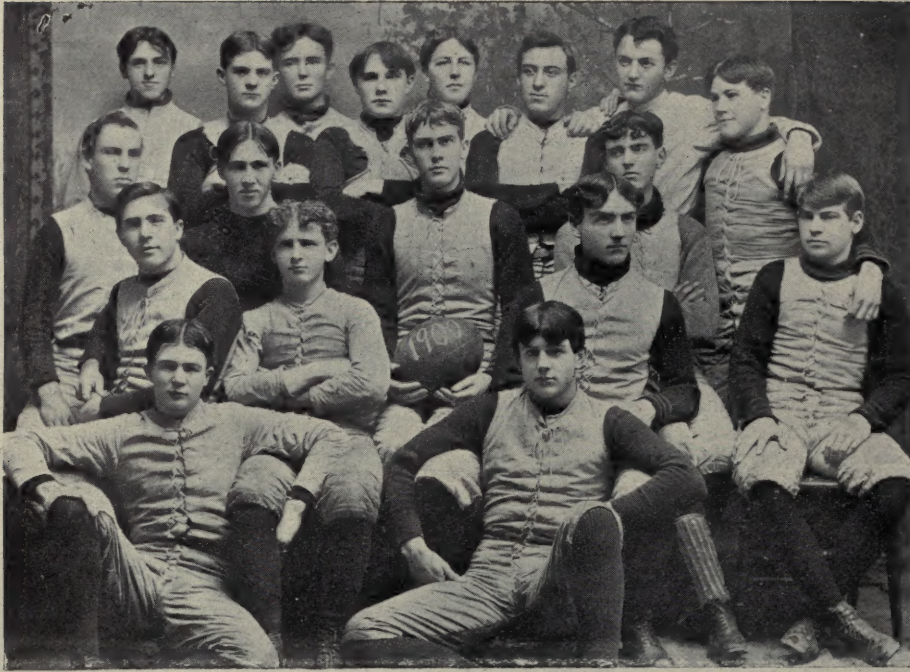
Cricket.

BY J. L. FERGUSSON.

Cricket is the game played at all colleges in the spring term. The early history of our cricket cannot be said to be very encouraging owing to the difficulty in learning to play properly.

The college's first team played several games in 1900, but had little success. As in Rugby, we played an annual match with Ridley College, which was won by Ridley. One game not being enough for us, we went over to Ridley and had a very pleasant trip and game, but we were defeated by a score of 90 to 160.

This spring the cricket club was in every way prosperous. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald was elected



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1900



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1900



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

president, and Dr. Meyer treasurer. The club had about fifty-five members, with Harry B. Housser as captain of the first eleven, H. C. MacFayden as captain of the seconds, and Dineen, ma., captain of the juniors.

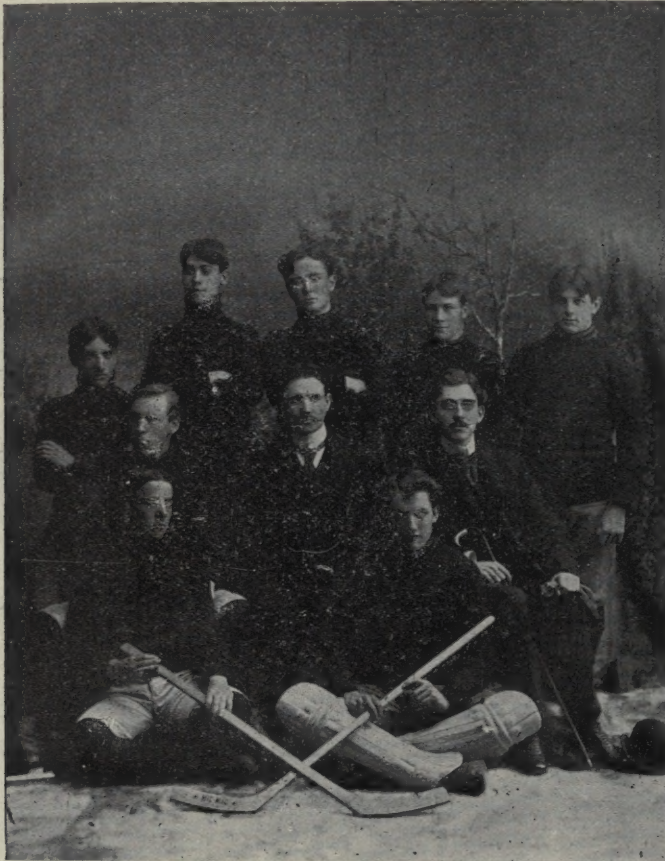
We played four games, being disappointed in four others. We won the first by a score of 100 to 15, the second by 82 to 42.

Ridley College came over on June 1 to play the annual game. For ten days before the First it had rained almost without ceasing, and when the Ridley boys woke up in St. Catharines the rain was coming

St. Andrew's could not arrange games with either Trinity College School or Upper Canada College, so Ridley was the only school we had a chance to play.

The II. Team.

The second team under the able management of Captain McFayden have had a very successful season though it may not have been a long one. They have won two well-contested games with Toronto Church School, and have only to regret that they were unable to secure a game with The Cavaliers or The Day Boys of U.C.C.



HOCKEY TEAM

down in sheets, so they had to wait until they got a message from Toronto saying that the weather was all right and for them to come. Consequently they did not arrive until about 12.30 p.m., and this rather shortened the game.

After having had dinner at the college the teams went over to Rosedale, and started to play about 2 p.m. St. Andrew's went to bat, but were soon disposed of for nineteen runs. Then Ridley's turn came, and they made sixty-two for eight wickets and ninety-two for ten wickets. It was then only 4 p.m., so St. Andrew's again went to bat and made a much better stand, but were unable to overcome Ridley's long lead.

The III. Team.

The third team is one of which the College may well be proud. They have passed the season without a defeat, winning two games from the Model School, one from U.C.C. Day Boys II., and one from St. Albans.

These are the boys the College will have to look forward to for its firsts in the near future and if they stand by their game as they have in the past season the day when St. Andrew's shall stand champions of the boys' colleges may soon be here. Captain Dineen, major, is to be congratulated on the success he and his team have met all through the season.

Hockey.

BY H. B. HOUSSEY AND J. STRACHAN.

The first hockey club of St. Andrew's College was organized in the opening year of the college, 1899.

The first hockey team, as might be expected, was very weak, and had to go down to defeat rather often, but the boys did not give up and when the season had ended they felt that the winter sport had done them good.

This showed itself in the following year for the team knew what was before them and strived hard for a strong septette. The boys succeeded in winning their first victory without a practice and so were encouraged to stick right at it. Success followed success and it was not long before St. Andrew's College began to be known in the hockey world.

To illustrate the change for the better that the hockey team underwent in one year, we have only to say that some boys who found it very easy to hold a place on the senior team in 1899 were unable to gain a place on the First in 1900. Then again in 1899, out of about eight games played, the S.A.C. boys won only three, but in 1900, out of ten games played, eight were won and one draw game was played. Once the team went down to defeat, but we are glad to say that even this team was defeated in the rounds.

In the years 1899-1900, second teams were organized. The team of 1899 was very weak, consequently not many games were won, but they had brighter dreams for the future (they were only dreams).

The Second of 1900 was much stronger, but owing to the lateness in practice they met with only fair success. This second team was called the husky seven being much heavier than the first team.

Neither of our teams have had a trip to any of the colleges out of the city, but there are brighter prospects for next year.

The boys were also strengthened by the interest which the boys of the college took in the game. They were always ready to turn out and do their best to cheer the team on to victory.

We all hope the college may steadily progress in hockey and that before many years S.A.C. will stand second to none among the colleges. We are also safe in saying that anyone cannot contradict the success of our hockey teams.

The First Annual Athletic Meet of St. Andrew's College.

The first athletic meet of St. Andrew's College took place on Thursday, May 23rd, 1901.

A steady deluge of rain for the two previous days had soaked the ground, and made the track so heavy that it was impossible to make the excellent time which was expected from our athletes. Still, as the weather was for the most part unclouded, we were thankful for having so fine a day for the games.

Nearly seven hundred people—friends and relatives of the boys—assembled to witness the games, and, to judge from the comments of some, they went away well pleased, feeling that they had spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

The popular band of the Royal Grenadiers furnished the music, which, as it was selected from "The Burgomaster," "Foxy Quiller," and other new comic operas, was very good indeed.

The officers of the association were: President, Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald; 1st Vice-President, H. B. Houssey; 2nd Vice-President, G. A. J. Boak; Secretary, J. L. Fergusson; Treasurer, Dr. Meyer.

Committee: W. J. Lea, W. Filshie, A. Follett, M. Isbester, Chas. Kelly, Stanley Clarke.

Referee: Mr. J. G. Merrick.

Starter: Dr. Meyer.



NASMITH

Timekeeper: Mr. J. H. Crocker.

Measurers: Mr. A. J. Taylor, W. A. Ratcliffe.

Clerk of the course: W. J. Lea.

Judges: Mr. Percy Robinson, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. A. Wright.

Owing to the length of the list, the following events were run off on the previous Monday on the college grounds:

1. Throwing cricket ball.—1, Cousins; 2, Masson, 3, Sproat. Distance, 120 yards.
2. Throwing cricket ball (Junior).—1, Isbester; 2, Warden; 3, McKie. Distance, 95 yards.
- *3. Running long jump.—1, Bryce; 2, Houssey; 3, Cousins. Distance, 17 ft. 4½ in.
- *4. Running long jump (Junior).—1, McKie; 2, Nasmith; 3, Hertzberg, mi. Distance, 15 ft. ¾ in.
- *5. Running high jump (Junior).—1, Hertzberg, mi; 2, Isbester; 3, McKie. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.
- *6. Standing long jump.—1, Cousins; 2, Fergusson, ma.; 3, Houssey. Distance, 9 ft. 6½ in.
- *7. Standing long jump (Junior).—1, Nasmith; 2, Isbester; 3, Hertzberg, mi. Distance, 8 ft. 2½ in.

The rest and the greater part were run off on Thursday, at the Lacrosse Grounds, Roseclay, and the following are the results :

1. 50 yards dash (Preparatory Form).—1, McMichael; 2, Hallam, ma; 3, Kilgour, mi. Time 8 sec.
2. 100 yards dash (1st Form).—1, MacAndrew; 2, Myers; 3, Willmott, mi. Time, $13\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
- *3. Running high jump.—1, Bryce; 2, Houser; 3, Fergusson, ma. Height, 4 ft. 10 in.
- *4. Hurdle race (Junior), 120 yds.—1, Nasmith; 2, Gillies, ma; 3, Hertzberg, mi. Time, 20 sec.
- *5. 100 yards dash (Junior).—1, Nasmith; 2, Gillies, ma.; 3, McKie. Time, $12\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
6. Junior house race, 120 yds. handicap.—1, Parker; 2, Dineen, ma.; 3, Hallam, mi. Time, $15\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
- *7. 100 yards dash.—1, Fergusson, ma.; 2, Bryce; 3, Filshie. Time, $11\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
8. One-mile bicycle race.—1, Isbester; 2, Myers; 3, Allan. Time 4 min. $15\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
- *9. 220 yards' dash.—1, Bryce; 2, Fergusson, ma.; 3, Filshie. Time, 25 sec.
- *10. 220 yards dash (Junior).—1, Nasmith; 2, Gillies, ma.; 3, Hertzberg, mi. Time, $29\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
11. Three-legged race, 75 yards.—1, Fergusson, ma., Houser; 2, Purvis, Filshie; 3, Boak, McFayden. Time, $11\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
- *12. Half-mile race.—1, Fergusson, ma.; 2, Thorne, ma.; 3, Gourlay. Time, 2 min. $25\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
13. Three-legged race (Junior).—1, Isbester, Allan; 2, Macdonald, Fergusson, mi. Time, $14\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
14. Two mile bicycle race.—1, Strachan; 2, Bickell; 3, Masson. Time, 6 min. $12\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
- *15. Hurdle race, 120 yards.—1, Bryce; 2, Houser; 3, McFayden. Time, 20 sec.
- *16. One-mile race.—1, Filshie; 2, McFayden; 3, Chestnut. Time, 6 min. $10\frac{1}{7}$ sec.
17. Tug of war, V. Form vs. School.—Won by School.
18. Fatigue race, 25 yds. each way.—1, Purves, Houser; 2, Strachan and Sale. Time $12\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
19. Consolation race, 100 yards. — 1, Purves. Time, $11\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
20. Consolation race (Junior), 100 yards.—1, Taylor. Time, 14 sec.
21. Relay race, each run $\frac{1}{3}$ mile.—1, Bryce, Fergusson, Filshie. Time, $45\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

The championship was decided by points; first place taking five points; second place three points; and third place one point.

Races marked with an asterisk count for championship.

The Senior Championship was won by Bryce, who got four firsts and one second—23 points.

The Junior Championship was won by Nasmith, who got four firsts and one second—23 points.

The cups were presented after the games by Mrs. Macdonald, who, as each boy came up, made some pleasant remark to lessen his embarrassment.

How Alexander McArthur Won the V.C.

BY N. M. KEITH.

One of the greatest deeds of gallantry which has happened up to this time in the South African War, took place on the 12th of March, 1900. Trooper McArthur, a member of Robert's Horse, saved two of his comrades from instant death.

On the 10th of March Robert's Horse was stationed at Bloemfontein. Their officer received orders from the commander-in-chief to go to Bradford some twenty or thirty miles north of Bloemfontein and help the infantry turn the Boer position. The regiment detrained at Bradford early on March the 12th and trotted out to where the infantry were camped. The British general had a very small force of cavalry so the troopers had a great deal of hard riding and fighting to do. The Boer position was a strong one so the cavalry made a wide detour so as to take the Boers on the flank. The left flank of the enemy's position was on a low kopje, and as they were nearing it shells began to burst all around them so they leapt out of their saddles. Leaving their horses out of harm's way, they started on foot to make for the Boer kopje which was the object of their attack. It was when the troopers were just starting to climb the hill that Alex. McArthur proved himself a hero.

The troop to which Alex. belonged was just moving up the sides of the kopje when the Boers started to sweep the face of the hill with their deadly rifle fire. The two leading men of the troop fell wounded. Alex., seeing that these men might be shot dead any time as they had fallen at the most terribly bullet-swept part of the hill, at once ran forward and picked up one of the men and carried him across an open space, bullets flying all around him, to a large rock where he laid him down in safety. Alex. did not stop here, but ran back quickly and brought the other man over safely, but on the way he received a terrible wound in the shoulder, and he was just able to reach shelter behind the rock, when he became unconscious from loss of blood. When he awoke he found himself in a fine airy tent on a comfortable stretcher with a Red Cross nurse sitting at the door of the tent. He at once began to ask questions and the nurse told him how he and the men he rescued were picked up by the stretcher bearers after the battle, and she also told him how successful the British had been in having completely defeated the Boers.

Alex. made slow progress towards recovery but after a month in a hospital in Bloemfontein he was invalided home to Netley Hospital. The voyage home helped on his recovery, and after staying in the hospital for a month, he was able to go to his home in Devonshire. A few days after this he received a royal command to go and visit the Queen at Osborne. He received a very kind welcome from the fine old Queen, and after asking him how his wound was getting along, she pinned the Victoria Cross to his breast. Alex. went back to his home a proud and happy man. He received his discharge from

the army a few months later, and he was able to get a position on a large estate near his own home so that he could live comfortably without having to work too hard.

A Scheme That Failed.

BY R. P. SAUNDERS.

It is about thirty years since I graduated from the well-known public school at H—, but even now I can distinctly remember an incident which happened in my first cricket match.

I had been at the school two or three years, but I had never gone in much for cricket, but this year I determined to, and I practised steadily at it for about a month or so, and I secured a place in the second team. However, we were soon to have our annual half-holiday when our school played a match with E—. For the last three we had lost every match with E—, and this year Loudon, the captain of the first eleven was putting forth every effort to win it as it would be his last year at H—.

At last the eventful day arrived and about two o'clock our visitors came driving up, and at 2.30 the match began. Our opponents won the toss and went to bat. Unluckily the game had hardly commenced when Jones one of the stand-bys of the first team twisted his ankle so badly that he could not play. Everyone wondered who the captain would put in his place, but I felt sure that either Smith or Jennings would take Jones' place. (These were two chums who, although they were good cricketers, possessed bullying and cowardly natures which made other boys shun them, and they hated me especially because last term I had put a stop to some of their most favorite pastimes). However, we were not kept long in suspense, for apparently the captain had decided, but what was my surprise when in a few minutes I saw the captain's fag hurrying towards me with a message to get into my flannels as quickly as possible and take Jones' place. I put them on and hurried out to the field.

All went along fairly well till the last man came to bat and the first ball that he hit went right over my head near some bushes where Smith and Jennings were standing. As I ran to get the ball I saw Jennings covertly pass the ball to Smith and then with a dark scowl he moved as if to obstruct my way. But I rushed on Jennings with such impetuosity that I knocked him over and got the ball to the wickets in time to stump one man out. That put the side out for 127 runs. We went to bat and made a score of 138 runs and thus won the match.

But this game brought sorrow to two boys. The head classical master had been, unobserved, standing close to Smith and Jennings when they tried to hinder me from getting the ball and afterwards he reported the matter to the Head who punished them severely, as an example to all boys who would play mean tricks on their fellows.

Form?

In the College called St. Andrew's
There is a form, you know,
Of foolish little Willies,
Who think they are just so.

They jolly all the big boys
And will not do their work,
And all that they are told to do,
They do their best to shirk.

Of Latin they know scarce a word,
Of French I fear much less,
And even Mr. Davy
Cannot on them impress

The need of having other dates
Than those that grow in Spain,
And if of them you eat too much,
You are sure to have a pain.

To their unpleasant class-room,
The bad boys all resort,
To do neglected lessons,
Instead of having sport.

For in this form the scholars sit
And work off their detention
Because in class they have not paid
The very best attention.

Now let me say before I close
This class lacks half its senses
For into it all boys are put
Who cannot give their tenses.

So as my pen I do lay down
I say in benediction
May this star form their laurels keep
Nor lose their reputation.

—By G. W. A.

A Hunting Trip.

BY F. TAYLOR.

Tom Wilson and Dick Smith had been chums all their lives. They were cousins, and lived a short distance from each other. They had long been known as daring boys, and when their uncle, Mr. Jack Smith, proposed a hunting trip, the idea was joyfully received.

They commenced preparations next day, as they had a lot to do. It was decided to start next week. Their outfit was packed all right, and on the appointed day they set out.

When they got to the end of the train line they had to take a coach thirteen miles, till they came to a station, where they were to get their guide, horses and dogs. The guide was an Indian, and one of the best in that part of the country. They had four riding horses, and one to carry their baggage, and also three dogs.

Next morning they started on horseback for the mountains, which were a long way off. On the morning of the third day, as they were going through a thick wood, the dogs, who were running on ahead, started after something, followed by the Indian. The hunters ran ahead also. When Tom, who got ahead, arrived at the place where the dogs had

stopped, he saw two large bears in a cave, both asleep. He fired at one, but only hit its paw. When the brute was awake he looked around a minute, and then went at him. Tom fired again, but missed, and there might have been a very serious accident, had not Mr. Smith, who had just arrived, fired at and killed the shaggy beast. Dick killed the other bear with his first shot, and after the Indian had skinned both of them they resumed their journey, and arrived at their destination in another three days.

The boys and Mr. Smith went out to get some game, while the Indian set to work to make a hut. They got a few birds and returned home, to find a first-class hut. They stayed for another two weeks, and had a few more adventures, of which I hope to tell you some day, and then went home.

Dick and the Badger Hole.

BY A. W. M'MICHAEL.

Dick found himself on the prairies for the first time in his life. He was on his bronco "Prince." He gave Prince a little cut with his whip, and soon left his friends behind.

Prince was galloping along with Crusoe barking beside him. Dick was enjoying his ride very much when all at once Prince put his foot into a badger hole, and Dick took a flying leap over Prince's head.

His friends came cantering up in a great hurry and thought he was dead. Crusoe was looking down the hole to see what was in it to make Prince fall. Dick got up and brushed himself, glad to find no bones were broken. He helped Prince up and rode on keeping a careful lookout for badger holes.

A Modern Hermit.

A TRUE STORY BY D. W. NASMITH.

On an island in one of the Kawartha lakes lived a man named Jackson. About thirty years ago Jackson quarrelled with his relations, and let his ill feeling grow to such an extent that he determined to have nothing more to do with them.

The island was about a quarter of a mile long and two hundred yards broad, on which were two little log shanties, one serving as a stable and the other as a house, but from the outside it was hard to distinguish which was which.

The sole occupants of this island were Jackson, two dogs, and a cow. These dogs were rather more like wolves than dogs, and their solitary life made them very fierce and vicious. No person would land until Jackson had come down to the water's edge and chained them up.

Farming was his chief occupation. He always managed to make the most of his small but fertile piece of land. A certain space was marked off for the weed. Vegetables took up the most part of the cleared space, and Jackson had great skill in raising

some of the earlier ones. Flowers also found a place there. Sweet peas especially thrived in that moist atmosphere. Thirty or so years of experience had taught Jackson when and where to find fish, and when summer visitors would be bemoaning their luck he would generally exhibit triumphantly a maskallonge or a string of bass which he had lured out of the water by his home-made baits and spoons.

Some years ago our people built a cottage on Sturgeon Lake, about half a mile from Jackson's Island. My brothers and I used often to take trips across the lake. When he was in an amiable frame of mind our trips were rewarded by a watermelon or some other kind of eatable in the way of sweet turnips, sugar melons, etc. If the moon seemed extra strong, or had a peculiar phase, we went to no purpose, or in other words Jackson was out of sorts. We waited in vain for him to come and chain his dogs so that we might land.

His manner of dealing with the people of the neighboring town was close in the extreme. If he chanced by a miscalculation to owe any person a cent he would walk miles to pay him, or vice versa, he would do the same to receive his due. He was never known to be false to a person, and so it was always said that his word was his bond.

One day a few weeks ago just before tea, I landed a friend of ours from back near Jackson's Island. He brought us the news of Jackson's death, which he had heard from one of his customers. It ran like this:

Jackson had been suffering for some time, and one day while he was at a neighboring farm house he fell very ill. A doctor was called from a nearby town, but he was then too far gone to recover.

His relatives were notified, and they, after declining to bury him because of the old family quarrel, got the island.

So came a sad ending to a sad life.

Too Much of an Attraction.

BY G. L. MACGILLIVRAY.

We had not been having a very exciting time at school this term, and were longing for something which would break the monotonous spell to turn up, when one of the boys rushed into the room with the announcement that a circus was in town, and was going to perform that evening.

During the day the majority of the school had visited the headmaster's study to gain permission to attend the performance, but had all come away feeling rather sore at the stern refusal we had received. We were busy discussing the prospect when one of the boys proposed to skip out and attend the performance, which he said could easily be accomplished without any of the masters being a bit the wiser.

There was loud applause from all at this bold statement, but when the time came there were only five boys who would take the risks and venture out. They left about seven o'clock, and left instructions for us to stay awake and let out a rope of sheets when they whistled.

We were trying hard to keep awake when I walked the headmaster. He had come to see one of the boys who had been sick during the day. He lit the gas to see if all were sleeping, and was nearly startled to death on seeing five empty beds. He asked us where the boys were, but did not receive any answer, as we thought he might as well find out for himself.

He turned out the gas and seated himself as near the heater as possible for the weather, and proceeded to wait.

We heard hour after hour strike on the big clock in the hall, and still the boys did not arrive. At last about one o'clock we heard a long, low whistle; the doctor threw up the window and let out the rope which we had left ready. Then we heard the boys climbing up, their feet scraping against the brick wall, and little thinking who was waiting for them just inside.

One by one they entered the room, till at last they were all in. Then the doctor, who had stepped into the shadow, came out, and quietly put down their names, asking to see them in the morning.

Next morning five rather scared-looking boys trailed into the doctor's study, and after staying there for nearly an hour came out again looking very sad. They had each received a severe censure, and lost all the half-holidays for the rest of the term.

Two months later another circus came to the town, and the doctor gave out that any boy could get permission to attend the performance except those who had taken matters into their own hands before. As we trooped out that evening we decided that perhaps it was better to wait for permission, and not let even a circus be "too much of an attraction."

The Gibraltar of America.

BY WHITEFORD BELL.

No city is more interesting to the Canadian than Quebec. We first hear of it as Stadacona; but later, during the seven years' war in Europe, Quebec was taken by the British under Wolfe, who defeated the French under Montcalm in the early morning of September 13th, 1759, on the Plains of Abraham, having reached the summit by Wolfe's guiding his troops down the river to a small path near where the Chateau Frontenac now stands.

A little stone with a chain fence marks the place where Wolfe died in the arms of an officer, saying, "God be praised, I die happy."

A monument has been erected very near the Chateau with the names Wolfe and Montcalm. The old chateau where Nelson stayed when in Canada is a place of interest. The fort is very interesting, and at twelve o'clock the guns are fired.

Quebec is quite a port, and for we Torontonians it is very interesting to see the ocean liners hover about. One day last year some war ships came up from Halifax, including the flag ship Crescent, and we were very fortunate in seeing her.

There are many other things which would take a very long time to describe, but I think Quebec is a dear little city, and it is such fun speaking or trying to speak French to the natives.

From Kingston to Blue Mountain Peak.

BY W. MACANDREW.

I now undertake to tell something about one or the many climbs which people must take if they want to see or understand the beauty of Jamaica.

One bright January morning our party started about eight o'clock for a day's outing. We took the street car as far as Hope Gardens. There we took a horse and carriage and drove to Gordontown, where we rested and had our dinner. We hired donkeys to carry us up the mountain path, as it was too steep for us to climb. When we had gone about a mile we looked back and had a splendid view of Kingston and the harbor. All around us, in the valleys, we could see the most beautiful flowers and a great variety of trees, such as orange, banana, palms, and many others that grow in the South.

I may state here that the path by which we travelled went winding up the mountain side; the higher we went the farther we could see and the more we marvelled at the beauty of the surrounding country.

One can hardly describe the scenery of this island, it is so varied and beautiful.

As we went on up the mountains we came in sight of the white barracks at Newcastle, where the white soldiers are stationed. After resting there and taking fresh donkeys we continued our climb up the mountains, which grew more difficult as we neared the top. We reached the top just at nightfall. The view which we beheld next morning amply repaid us for all our trouble. We could see the whole of Jamaica and many of the surrounding islands, as Blue Mountain peak is over eighteen hundred feet high.

How Greenfield House Won the Match.

BY D. W. FRASER.

The inhabitants of Greenfield House were all in an uproar for the annual cricket match with Elmdale was to be played that day, and because the news had leaked out that Hill, the player of the school, had sprained his ankle. How was his place to be filled? Whom could be had to play? were questions which were on every tongue.

Clarke, the Greenfield House captain, knew of no one that could take Hill's place, and, in consequence, was almost frantic. Now, Greenfield House was not a large school, and the only possible player at ordinary times was in the sick room. Mr. Sanderson (a new master) was now the only available person, and the captain as a last resort asked him to play. Mr. Sanderson replied that he would, much to the surprise of the captain. As I mentioned before, Mr.

Sanderson was a new master, rather tall and well built, who had become a favorite with most of the boys, although he was rather strict.

The team and one or two followers boarded the train at ten o'clock, and in spite of dull forebodings had a fairly good time on the way. Elmdale was a small town about thirty miles from Greenfield and the Greenfield team soon arrived. They took a large bus from the station, and in a short time arrived at the scene of what was to be a fierce combat.

Elmdale went to bat first and stayed in for an hour, having made forty runs for three wickets. Both teams now stopped for lunch. A few minutes after lunch they began again, Mr. Sanderson now bowling for Greenfield. In the first two overs he took two wickets. The bowler at the other end was Clarke, who managed to take a wicket soon after Mr. Sanderson did.

Now came the less experienced batters of Elmdale, and Mr. Sanderson began bowling for flies. His first ball was slugged, but his second was knocked into a fly, and was caught by Home. Elmdale played worse and worse and were at last put out for eighty runs.

Next Greenfield House came to bat, Clarke and Home going in first. Home made a duck's egg and then Mr. Sanderson came to bat. The first few balls he blocked, but slugged the fourth to leg and amid the cheers of the spectators made four runs. The gloomy looks on the boys' faces gradually broadened into smiles as ball after ball was treated in much the same way by Mr. Sanderson.

The whole team went to bat in turn and all got out but Mr. Sanderson who carried his bat for seventy-five runs. The others had made together forty-four, and so Greenfield House had won.

There were no happier boys in all the land than those which the train carried to Greenfield that evening. And now when any new boy complains about Mr. Sanderson's strictness he is told this story, and straightway becomes one of Mr. Sanderson's ardent admirers.

Personal.

The boy in the Fifth Form who sits down in front of the grate had better learn how to play hand-ball.

A certain boy has been promoted to the Junior House as junior master.

The Third Form members must be by this time fairly rich, for every day they have a "Sale" in their form.

One of our boys from N.S., thinking his friends were lacking in brains, decided to have some fish sent up. It did not produce the expected effect.

They are a hot-headed crowd on the second flat, from the appearance of the end room of the hall.

The matron's morning phosphates should be patented.

Who said "abbreviations" for "variations," and to whom and what did it refer?

Why did one of the boys have to go to the Junior House? Was it so that he might get his boots blackened for once?

One good thing in connection with "Crawley's" army is that the commander makes his men more than crawl along.

We regret exceedingly that the boy who "can't lie" (Cantley) is no longer with us, he having been forced to go home on account of ill-health.

Who in the upper flat wears "full dress" clothes at night? Cheer up, old man!

There is one of the boarders who is very useful to have round the house in rainy weather, and that is "Spat."

Which of the prefects, when calling the roll, generally says "Cunnigum" and "Rudeford"? Never mind, "Afuric," you will learn some day.

Owing to MacIntyre's absence, Housser has stepped into the position as head prefect. If he returns next year, he will likely be appointed to the position.

"Bohn" is importing codfish, that, having eaten the eyes, he may receive sufficient brains to win the gold medal.



A VIEW ON THE GROUNDS



FIRST CRICKET TEAM

A Trip Through the Rocky Mountains.

BY J. P. BICKLE.

After a couple of days of sweltering in a hot car, crossing the vast tracks of level prairie land, the weary traveller is glad to see the grassy foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Approaching Kananaskis, the mountains suddenly appear close at hand, and just beyond the station a bend in the line brings the train between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the Rocky Mountains are entered.

At the next station which is Canmore, an observation car, especially designed to allow an unbroken view of the wonderful mountain scenery, is attached to the train. The next important station is Banff, a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort. Here in a large corral of 500 acres can be seen a herd of buffalo, and on the neighboring heights wild sheep are occasionally seen. The station at the summit of the Rocky Mountains is Stephen, and here is the "Great Divide." This is a structure built in the centre of a sparkling stream which separates it in two, and as it is at the summit of the mountains, the one half goes to the Pacific and the other to the Atlantic. The bridge on the C.P.R. crosses Stony Creek—a noisy rill flowing in the bottom of a noisy V-shaped channel, 300 feet below the rails—one of the loftiest railway bridges in the world. One of the greatest difficulties of the railway from snow in winter occur between Bear Creek and the summit on the east, and for a similar distance on the west slope of the Selkirks, and these have been overcome by the construction of sheds of massive timber work. These are built of heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and

bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain sides in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche. One of the most important mountain stations is Glacier House, within thirty minutes' walk of the great glacier, which is a vast plateau of gleaming ice, extending as far as the eye can reach, as large, it is said, as all those of Switzerland combined, the ice field, of which the Great Glacier is one of a number of outlets, embracing more than 200 square miles. Farther to the left is Grizzly Peak, so called from the frequency with which bears are met with on its berry-bearing slopes. At Craigellachie the last spike was driven into the C.P.R. in 1885, the rails from the east and west meeting here.

College Social Life.

BY HARVEY THORNE.

In the life of a person at boarding school, happenings always occur which are of special interest. There are always those events which serve as changes from the usual routine. Among these our college social functions are very prominent. An "At Home" at the college naturally requires attention from those entrusted with its management. And, as it is something out of the daily routine of school life, it is a pleasure, even if work be involved.

Since the college was opened, two years ago, we have held a number of entertainments for our friends, and therefore for ourselves. These were either in the form of a dance or garden-party, or a quiet literary or musical evening. Of all these perhaps the most enjoyable is the dance. All are given in the name of the Literary Society, and are under their management.

The first annual "At Home" of St. Andrew's College Literary Society was held in February of 1900. The executive of the Society appointed committees to attend to the various parts of the function. Each did its work well. That which required most time and attention was the decorating. This was placed in the charge of a person having good taste and judgment, and was consequently well done. The halls and rooms were tastefully adorned with flags and bunting. The guests were numerous, and among them could be seen many from the ladies' colleges of the city. Dancing was indulged in, the entertainment lasting until midnight. At that hour the guests departed, having, as one would judge, from after events, spent a very pleasant evening.

The next gaiety was the garden party. This is more easily imagined than described. For with the best of grounds, best of music, best of company, and vacation at hand, I will leave the reader to describe for himself the pleasure of the event.

Shortly after college opened for the second year, a social function was arranged. This being given by the boys to their friends, the guests for the most part were young people. A musical programme was provided, and later in the evening dancing provided entertainment. With the music, dancing, and the necessary refreshments, the enjoyment of the evening lasted until shortly after midnight, the guests at that hour departing.

The next social event was the second annual "At Home" of the Literary Society, held on March twenty-first of this year. This, as the previous one, was managed by the executive of the Society. Each committee had its own special work, everybody's aim being to give their friends a most enjoyable time. A very important part, the decorating, was placed in the hands of the same able manager. He with the boys to help certainly carried out his part of the preparations admirably. The whole interior of the building was one mass of flags and bunting, the main hall, and the ball room, being especially so. To the front everywhere was our dear old "Union Jack," backed on every hand by our "Crimson and Gold." Flags, bunting, and palms, did their best to present to the guest as pleasing an aspect as possible. The evening opened with a musical programme. Then followed dancing, intermingled with supper and conversation, everybody doing his best to give all an enjoyable time. Such a time was spent. The guests were many, consisting of the friends of the college old and young, the different colleges of the city being well-represented. Shortly after midnight the guests departed, everyone, we sincerely hope, having as the saying is, "had an elegant time."

Such events as these are of course never allowed to interfere with our studies; and the next morning we are as fresh as ever.

The next we look forward to is our closing function. This takes the form of a garden party, when, studies for the time being over, we can enjoy ourselves more fully.

We truly hope that St. Andrew's College will be the scene of many a pleasant event, and that these will always bear up the reputation of our dear old "Crimson and Gold."

The Literary Society.

BY D. B. HALL.

In connection with our college the greatest evening amusement is the Literary Society, which meets, during the chilly months of winter, every Friday. The meetings are for the most part for the boys themselves, but every three weeks comes an open meeting.

The executive staff consists of a number of officers, a committee and two historians. Among the officers are two or three of the masters, but the boys are greatly in the majority, while the committee and historians are all boys. The historians are supposed to be the fun of the evening. They write up all the amusing events which happen during the preceding week. Their jokes are not always understood, but even if not there can always be heard one of the juniors laughing, to seem wiser than his companions.

The meetings are held in the prayer hall, where all the boarders and as many of the day boys who live sufficiently near listen to very interesting lectures, take part in debates or speeches or journey with the lecturer through Scotland, across Europe, or visit the many historic and picturesque places of Italy. The history notes are read every evening on which the meetings are held. The historians at first tremble at the knees or turn crimson and gold. They will assuredly reap a rich benefit from it in after life, as will the speakers and debaters, who seem to desire the carpenter to bore a hole in the floor by which they may make an escape, while deciding whether the cow is more useful to mankind than the horse, or telling the audience all they know about cricket, the college itself, the beautiful grounds, the magnificent building, that woman's place is by the fireside, or that their subject is spring.

Once in every three weeks the open meetings are held. The parents and friends of the boys are heartily welcome to come, and they generally do not rue leaving their business or other pleasures to enjoy an hour or two in the prayer hall.

The masters for the most part co-operate heartily with the boys in endeavoring to make it a very enjoyable part of the college life. They often tell us little experiences of their own or someone else's supposed to bear their own name, or join with us in our speeches to give us an idea of a good one.

It is not a very great stretch of imagination to believe that the Literary Society provides the best fun of the season, and that all those who are in attendance at one of the open meetings are not backward in coming to the next. Next year the Literary Society will exist as before, but we hope it will meet with even greater success.

By the Way.

We expect many visitors this summer. Thousands who will be attracted to the Pan-American Exposition will want to see Toronto, the Queen City of the West.

We wish to advise sweetly, but urgently, that the asphalt pavements be repaired soon, that these visitors, when driving round the city, may not be milk-shaken in the honeycombed roads or become seasick while rolling over the undulating pavement.

Here's a protest to artificial lakes on Yonge street between Davenport and Crescent Road. We wish one of the City Council would, owing to meeting two cars, be compelled to ride on the ocean wave.

Lost, from the gymnasium, a punching bag, parallel bar, climbing ladder, some clubs and dumbbells, Finder (?) please return. No reward.

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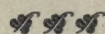
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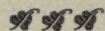
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St. Andrew's College Review

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 2

St. Andrew's College Review.

As this is only the second issue of the Review it would not be out of place to add something to what has already been said in the first issue concerning the nature of the paper.

In the first place this paper is edited and managed entirely by the boys themselves, no master holding any position upon the staff; thus all the responsibility of the paper falls upon the boys, whereas, if some of the chief offices were confined to masters, the boys would be very apt to look to them as assuming all the responsibility, and it would cease to be a boys' paper, and feeling this, the boys would be inclined to lose their interest in it. Then the only contributors are the boys themselves, and although the contributions will contain no high literary flavor, such as might flow from the pen of a master, yet the boys will have the satisfaction of knowing it is entirely their own work.

Like most papers of its class, it contains a summary of the history of different first teams, with descriptions of the different matches played during the seasons. The second teams also receive mention. There is the history of the literary and other societies of the school from term to term, and descriptions of the various social functions given in the college, which form such an enjoyable part of college life, besides remarks upon the doings of some of our prominent members and other incidental college news. As well as this each number will contain a few short stories written by pupils, which are judged to be of sufficient merit for insertion.

From this it will be perceived that every pupil has a chance for the honor of having an essay of his inserted in the paper, and if he takes a proper interest in it, he should be stimulated to greater literary effort. Thus the boys are given an experience in writing, editing and managing a paper, and this ex-

perience is always useful, whether in business or professional life. The paper is also intended to give an enjoyable half-hour in reading to the boy or even to the older person who is interested in boys and college life, and who perhaps may be reading these pages to recall somewhat more vividly than he is wont the pleasant days of his own college life.

Of course we wish this paper to be a success, but to attain this end the boys must help the editors and managers in their work by their hearty interest and support. Since the first issue of this paper last spring, which I may say was a very successful number, fully fifty boys have been added to the attendance of the college, and the literary merit and success of the paper must keep step with the success of the College. It will be the aim of the officers of the paper to make each number more interesting and successful than the last and if the rest of the school supports them with its hearty interest and co-operation we may look forward to many a pleasant and successful issue in the future.

A Christmas Bet.

It was a cold night about the middle of October, when the officers of the First Natal Volunteers were engaging in a game of poker in the sitting-room of one of the small houses situated on the outskirts of the city of Pretoria.

The men were just beginning to enjoy the warmth of the fire that was blazing in the room, when a knock sounded at the door, and Lieut. Wilson arose and opened it, when, to his astonishment, he was confronted by a Dutch farmer.

It did not take him long to make his mission known; he told the officer that a Boer spy was hiding in one of his barns situated on his farm, which was about five miles away, and he had come to take the troops

to his place and show them the place where the spy was concealed, providing they gave him a good reward for his information.

After mustering a squad of thirty men, Lieut. Wilson and party set off under the guidance of the farmer on their weary march of five miles, and as the night was a cold one and a heavy hail-storm was in progress, the men hung their rifles over their shoulders and turned up the collars of their heavy winter coats.

They had gone a distance of about three miles, when, as if by magic, a large force of men set upon them from each side of the road, and before the officers could draw their revolvers, or the men get their rifles, they were surrounded, a number of men at the front of the line were shot down before they had time to realize what had occurred.

Lieut. Wilson saw at once that it would be useless to show any resistance, as the Boers numbered three to their one. He immediately surrendered, and handed his sword over to one of the Boers who came forward, and who evidently, although he did not look like one, commanded the Boers.

The men one by one surrendered and gave up their arms, and were marched off, each of them vowing vengeance on the traitor who had led them into the trap.

After a march of about twelve miles they met another large Boer commando, which was camping there for the night. The officer of the company that had captured them decided to spend the remainder of the night there also, and after showing Lieut. Wilson and the other three officers under his command, a small room in one of the small buildings in the village, left them for the night, leaving a man at the door to guard them.

The British officers did not feel much in the humor for sleep that night, and as there was a small fire burning in a grate in the corner of the room, they sat around it on the floor and discussed the situation.

After thinking of every manner of escape they decided to go to sleep, fully expecting to see the inside of a Boer prison before many hours had passed. The last words of Corporal Kelly, before he laid down to go to sleep, was that he bet five pounds that the four of them would eat their Christmas dinner in their own quarters at Pretoria.

Lieut. Wilson said that he would take him, and with this they went to sleep.

When they awoke in the morning, what was their astonishment to find the corporal gone and the Boers in a state of excitement over the loss of their prisoner.

After a meal of bread and water, they were taken out and placed under a guard and started on the march again.

They had been on the way about an hour, when they began to notice a dark speck on the veldt behind them, and this gradually grew larger, until a troop of about five hundred horsemen could be clearly made out. The Boers immediately got ready to attack should they turn out to be a foe. When they were about half a mile away the khaki uniforms could be clearly distinguished, and the Boers opened fire, but on the British came as if they were riding on parade, until they were right on top of the enemy, and the Boers fled in every direction, but the loss to the cavalry had been terrible, about fifty of them being killed or wounded.

After the confusion was over, Wilson was making his way to where the colonel of the cavalry was standing, when he ran right into Corporal Kelly, who, after explaining how he had escaped and met the cavalry regiment on his way back to Pretoria, declared that the five pounds was his, as he thought they would be able to have their dinner in Pretoria after all.

While they were burying the dead, one of the men happened to notice among the Boer slain the spy that had led them into the trap and caused so much trouble.

It was late that night when they arrived back at headquarters, and they all slept better than the previous night, at all events they did not have the thoughts of spending a year in a Boer prison.

—D. C. Alexander.

St. Andrew's-Upper Canada College Match.

Upper Canada College defeated St. Andrew's College at Upper Canada College grounds on Tuesday, 5th of November, by a score of three to one.

The game was a good exhibition of football, and although occasionally there were some fumbles and muffs, yet on the whole it was a fine game, the closest Upper Canada College had played for years. The teams were very evenly matched. U.C.C. had a good back division, Morrison at centre-half playing a fine game, and on the wing line, Clarkson, Davidson and Lash were very conspicuous. For St. Andrew's, Housser on the half line played a splendid game, Strachan at quarter did good work, bucking and passing well, and of the wings, Fergusson, Cantley and Smith played a very effective game.

The officials, Referee Wright and Umpire Baldwin, gave complete satisfaction to both teams. The arrangements of the grounds were excellent, no one but players and officials being allowed inside of a rope stretched about three yards from the touch line and running parallel to it. The St. Andrew's College boys lined up on the south side and the U.C.C. supporters on the north side of the field.

Upper Canada College won the toss and chose to kick with the slope and whatever wind there was. In the kick-off Fergusson dribbled, but U.C.C. got the ball. Then from their scrimmage Morrison punted well down the field and Follet caught it, but he did not run far till he was brought down. Soon St. Andrew's, near their own goal, obtained a

pushed the following scrimmage over the line for a safety touch.

Fergusson at quarter way, made a fake kick and a good run to nearly half way, and after several scrimmages the ball was kicked into touch, near Upper Canada's goal, but Morrison relieved by a good punt, which McIntyre caught and made a fine rush. Then from a fake kick (St. Andrew's having been given a free kick near U.C.C. goal) Housser tried a drop over and the goal judge signified it was over, but afterwards he changed his decision and Housser was given the kick over again, this time putting it over Upper Canada's dead line. After a couple of minutes' play half-time was called, with the score three to one in Upper Canada's favor.

G. P. Saunders.



1901-02

free kick, and by a fake kick and scrimmages gained a good deal. However, Upper Canada obtaining the ball, punted over St. Andrew's dead line.

Then from quarter way S.A.C. dropped the ball a good distance, and after a series of scrimmages Upper Canada College got a free kick and punted well down the field, but McIntyre returned it to about centre. Here the play continued for quite a while, till Housser got the ball and made a good run. But U. C.C., by a couple of long punts, succeeded in getting the ball in touch near St. Andrew's goal, and getting the ball from the throw in,

THE SECOND HALF.

The score at the end of the first half was 3-1 in favor of U.C.C. S.A.C. now had the wind and were going down hill. The blue and white in their kick-off made a short kick along the line to Morrison, who was tackled by McFayden. Then Fergusson, in trying to steal the ball, was caught off-side, and Morrison kicked to McIntyre, who returned into touch. In the throw-in U.C.C. got the ball, scrimmaged it out to Morrison, who punted into touch near S.A.C. goal. By a couple of scrimmages the play was brought to the

twenty-five-yard line; but U.C.C. was awarded a free kick. The clever man who was given the ball, thinking to fool the wily visitors by something entirely new, set the ball in play by touching it to his knee and passed to Morrison, who made a poor drop, which was intended to score five points, but which only went half-way to the posts. By some neat passing and short runs the crimson and gold brought the leather up to the half-way line, and in the scrimmage which followed, Lash was found off-side and S.A.C. took a free kick. Morrison returned to Follet, who muffed, but Housser secured the ball and had a scrimmage very near his own goal line. Strachan, thinking this a time for action, bucked the line for a substantial gain and from the scrimmage passed the ball out to Housser, who sprinted around the line and carried the play up about ten yards farther, but was unfortunately laid out for a short time. At this point McIntyre received the ball from scrimmage and punted to Morrison, who made his mark and then kicked to Follet, who made his mark. Fergusson followed up Follet's kick and downed the man almost as soon as he recovered the ball.

Then the ball was scrimmaged up and down short distances till the whistle blew, both teams gave three cheers, and the game was over, leaving the score three to one in favor of U.C.C., as no score was made in the second half.

The teams and officials then went into the building to be refreshed by hot coffee, after which the visitors were driven home, feeling that they would like a return match to be played.

Lash was the strongest man on the field, but he had nothing to do with the ball except on one or two occasions when he broke away.

Morrison handled the ball perhaps more than anyone else, doing practically all the kicking for U.C.C.

Fergusson played a very strong game all through, and Housser was always in the right place.

The game was a keen contest from beginning to end, and although there was too much scrimmaging from the spectators' point of view, this was pretty well counterbalanced by the number of free kicks awarded.

The New Boy.

The new boy is not unlike some birds, of a gregarious disposition, as is readily seen as these self-styled unfortunates congregate in the halls, et cetra, some standing or leaning

against the walls as if his whole future depended on his ability to hold it up, or as if it was his one and only means of support, while some, with hands dug deeply into pockets, change restlessly from one foot to another, and speculate as to their future, while over their angelic countenance (Providence has, until the last term, been usually kind to our new pupils in that respect), flit at times that far-away look (you all know what that means), and if their real thoughts were but known, I am sure they would one and all revert to the scenes of their childhood. And while the innerman is making himself felt, that insatiable longing comes for home and mother, along with a good four pounds of nice, tender, juicy, well-done steak. But alas! what vain imaginings; there is the sound of a bell, a rush, and he is rudely awakened and borne along to answer some roll-call or some such beastly invention.

Although of various types the new boy is on his first arrival quite subdued and a rather awkward piece of mechanism. Even the otherwise hard and imperturbable one with his scornful and self-satisfied air is awed into submissive humility by the entire strangeness of his surroundings, the curious and sometimes even fierce looks of some of the old boys, and the calm, placid, awe-inspiring gaze of some of our noble masters.

While the other type, the quite harmless one torn from the quiet, uneventful life of a cosy home, where he had been the ideal of indulgent parents and of admiring sisters, where his every wish was at once gratified, and now to be cast into a prison-like building, alone and friendless, amongst a lot of rough, noisy boys, was simply terrible, so there he stands, with his vacant, appealing stare, waiting in vain, perhaps, for some kind-hearted boy to come and cause him to take a more favorable view of things.

But in conclusion I might say, that though at first the new boy may appear somewhat queer, in time it all wears off and he becomes one of the bright, healthy, rollicking boys for which our own college is so widely famed.

Social Life at St. Andrew's.

Last year at St. Andrew's College a Literary Society was formed to meet once a week during the winter months, for the purpose of making a pleasant break in the daily routine of college life and providing an interesting and instructive evening for the boys. The society of last year was a great success, many profitable and enjoyable evenings being

spent, and so everyone looked forward with great pleasure to the time when it should be reorganized for this winter.

A meeting of the school was held on Sept. 18th to reorganize the Literary Society for the winter and the following officers for the year were appointed:

Honorary President—Rev. D. B. Macdonald, M. A.

President.—W. A. Findlay, B. A.

1st Vice-President.—H. B. Housser.

2nd Vice-President.—J. L. Fergusson.

Secretary.—C. Cantley.

On the following Friday evening, the first open meeting was held when the boys had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Leon French, mimic and ventriloquist, from Jamestown, N. Y. At the following meetings we were entertained by instrumental solos, gramophone selections, readings and addresses, last but not least being the address delivered by Willmott, Ma. The Literary Society of 1901 has up to the present been a splendid success and gives every indication of continuing this success in future. It has been ably managed and at every meeting something new and interesting has been provided for the entertainment of the boys and their guests. The success of the society in the future will depend largely upon the way in which the boys co-operate with the officers in their endeavors to make the evenings as enjoyable as possible.

The most important social event this fall was the informal dance given on the evening of Friday, November 22nd, by Principal and Mrs. Macdonald. Of course this evening was long anticipated with great pleasure, both by the boys and by the guests. On the appointed evening, the weather was not all that could be desired, but this did not deter the guests from coming and thoroughly enjoying the evening.

At the close of the afternoon-school, the boys removed most of the chairs from the prayer hall to the verandah, then the partition between the first and third forms was taken down and the desks removed, to clear a ball room. A large number of palms were then artistically arranged about the rooms and the hallway. After tea a number of the boys did their best to put the floor of the ballroom in good condition.

By half past six everyone was employed in making himself look as presentable as possible. About eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald in the reception room. The guests continued to come in large numbers and be-

fore long the rooms were crowded. The boys were soon busily engaged in the pleasant occupation of filling up their programmes. A piano was placed in one of the alcoves of the ballroom and at about half past eight the music and dancing began and continued until a late hour. All the boys did their best to make the evening as enjoyable as possible for the guests and judging from the remarks of appreciation which were heard, they evidently succeeded.

Ourselfs.

Boys who have at St. Andrew's worked,
And who from Rugby have never shirked,
Boys who have round the touch-line lurked,

Listen, pray, to me.

We've got some boys to be proud of now,

We're not as tame as a Jersey cow,

Though we never kick up too much of a row,

We're all 'way up in G.

When our first team has a game to win,

'Tis held by us an awful sin

Not to go with them and cheer till they win,

And yell for S.A.C

When our head proclaims a holiday,

Then we begin to feel jolly and gay,

Sorrows and sickness soon vanish away,

There follows a roar like the sea.

Each Friday brings on our social meet,

The juniors fight to get a front seat,

The speakers tremble upon their feet,

The rest laugh loud in glee.

With winter comes the large At Home.

Round the refreshments the greedy ones roam,

Their hair again gets its annual comb,

'Tis very fair to see.

We were really surprised that the Major had such trouble finding his wife, but his natural good looks soon found him another.

Her Second Position.

It was at the Freshmen's Annual Dance. Clifford was standing at the door watching the merry couples moving around, when he felt a slight touch on his arm, and looking round observed a friend of his.

"Come on, Clifford," he said, "I want to introduce you to some young ladies."

Clifford went along and was introduced to Miss Hunting, a pretty girl who was in the third year.

"May I see your programme, Miss Hunting?" he asked.

"Certainly," she answered.

Clifford put down his name for three or four dances and then handed it back.

"I never give more than two dances, Mr. Clifford," she said, looking at the programme.

"Do you never make exceptions?" asked Clifford.

"Never," she answered, "you may have the 6th and 9th."

"Thank you," he said.

He then excused himself, and following his friend, was introduced to a sufficient number of young ladies to enable him to fill his programme and enjoy himself immensely.

Raymond Clifford was a tall, well built, good-looking young man, and was heir to an enormous fortune. He was in his first year at college, and became very popular in the circles in which he moved.

Irene Hunting took a strong dislike to Clifford, telling her friends that "He was altogether too forward with strangers." She had lost both her parents and was left with her uncle as her sole guardian, and very little money. This she decided to spend in a university course, and then to try to get a position of teacher in a ladies' school.

Irene and Clifford kept meeting each other nearly every day, much to the disgust of Irene, who tried to avoid him whenever she could, even refusing invitations to places where she knew that Clifford was going.

Irene left Harvard the next year, hoping never to see Clifford again, while he stayed at the college for two years longer, hoping for the time when they would meet again. Two years of hoping passed, and it must be said that Irene had forgotten that there was such a person as Clifford. He, however, had been thinking of her constantly, and had seen by a newspaper that she had obtained a position in his native city, Rochester.

That year Clifford left Harvard and took his father's place in his business. One day he was out driving with a friend on one of the suburban roads when he saw a horse coming full speed towards them, with the reins dangling on the ground, and rightly guessed that it was a runaway. Clifford had about two minutes to decide what to do. He stopped the horse in the middle of the road and throwing the reins to his friend, jumped up on the seat of his rig, and as the runaway was beside them, gave one leap and landed beside the terrified occupant. It did not take him very long to master the horse, and he soon had him well under control.

On looking round he was very surprised to see the pale face of Miss Hunting.

"Really, Mr. Clifford, I cannot tell you how thankful I am to you," she said.

"It was nothing," he replied, "nothing at all."

"Do you call risking your life nothing?" she asked.

He did not answer, and leaving his horse with his friend to drive, he escorted Miss Hunting to her home. They did not speak at all on the way, both were thinking, but on arriving outside her apartments, Miss Hunting said, "I will not ask you in to-day, as I cannot talk, but will you come to-morrow?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," he answered.

Clifford did call the next day, and for many days after, and many boxes of flowers mysteriously found their way to Miss Hunting's apartments.

One day on calling, Clifford found her in a very agitated state of mind.

"Why, Irene, what is the matter?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "I have been finding my eyes troubling me for a long time, and on consulting an oculist, he told me that they would give out completely unless I gave them a year's rest at least, or more."

"Why, that is not very long," said Clifford, "the rest would do you good."

"It would not matter to some people," said Irene sorrowfully.

Clifford saw his mistake and determined to try and make amends for it.

"Irene," he said, "for a long time I have been wanting to ask you a question, but thinking you would not leave your teaching and feared a refusal Irene, I love you, will you become my teacher, and try and keep me in order?"

"Yes, Raymond," she said, "if you want me."

Clifford did want her, and he lost no time in getting the consent of Irene's uncle and of his father. That year they were married, very quietly, only a few intimate friends and relatives being asked.

Many years after they were sitting on their verandah with their children—a fine boy and girl—playing around them.

"Irene, are you happy," asked Clifford.

"Yes, dear, very happy," she answered.

Here we will leave them.

We are all very sorry that Reddy was unable to take part in the Vth Form play. He would have made a pretty girl.

The Tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

It was on the sixteenth day of March, nineteen hundred and one, at four o'clock in the afternoon, that the Royal Yacht Ophir steamed out of Portsmouth harbour, bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their visit to the British Dominions beyond the sea.

The Ophir now steamed for Gibraltar, where their Royal Highnesses arrived on the twentieth of May. After spending a few days there, the Ophir started for Malta, Port Said, Raen and Singapore. On April 23rd

After the members of Parliament had been sworn in by Lord Hopetown, the Governor-General, the Duke and Duchess left for New Zealand and Tasmania.

The Duke and Duchess visited Australia again, touching at Adelaide and Freemantle, from which latter port the Ophir sailed for South Africa, calling at Mauritius, Durban and Capetown, and were enthusiastically received at all places. The Royal Party then left for Canada on the 23rd, and on Monday morning, Sept. 16th, accompanied by the war-ships Diadem and Niobe, cast anchor below the walls of the ancient city of Quebec.

On the morning of the Royal visit Quebec



the Ophir left Singapore for Australia, entering Melbourne harbor on May 5th. The Royal party stayed till the 9th, when the great event—the real occasion for the journey—took place, the beginning of the First Australian Commonwealth.

The ceremony took place in the Carlton Gardens in the presence of twelve thousand people. The opening ceremony was very imposing and impressive, and when His Royal Highness, after reading his speech, declared the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth open, there arose an outburst of applause seldom heard.

was a sight well worth seeing. Quebec has a population of sixty thousand, but on that day the population was increased to 75,000 by visitors, and all day long the narrow, winding, picturesque streets were thronged.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the Duke and Duchess landed, at the same place where, forty years earlier, the present King entered Quebec. The Royal Party was welcomed by the Governor-General and the Premier to Canadian soil. The procession then started for the Parliament Buildings amidst loyal cheers.

At Quebec the royal train was waiting to



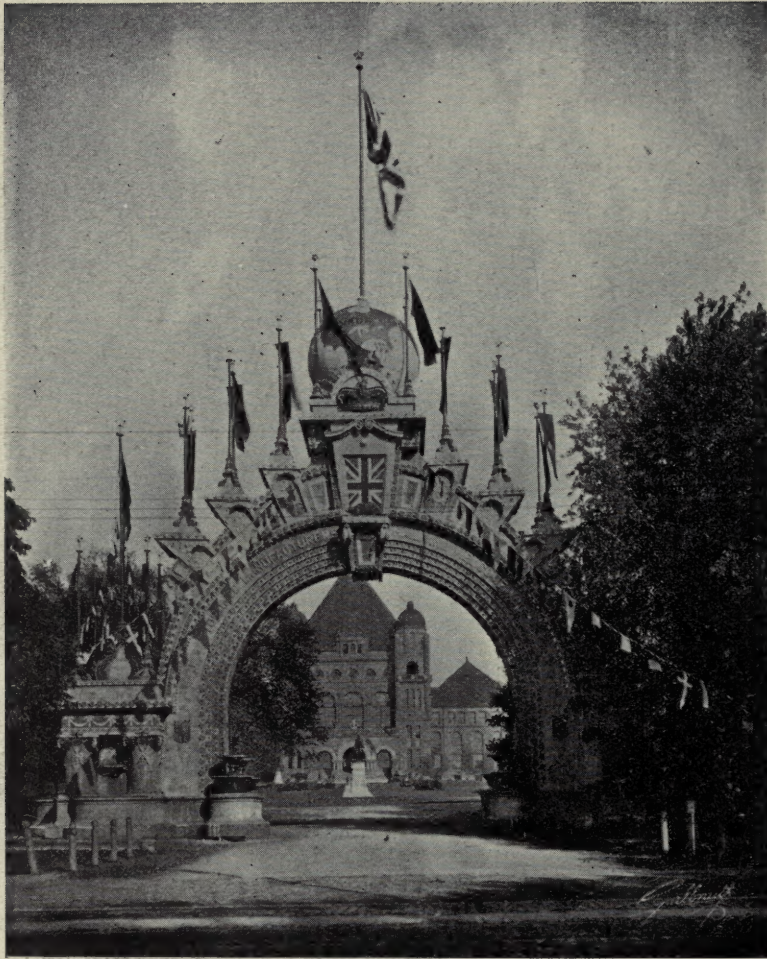
THE ROYAL PARTY

AT QUEENS ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Commodore Winsloe,	Mrs. Derek Keppel,	Lady Mary Lygon,	Lord Wenlock,	Miss Grenfell,	Major Maud,	Mrs. Maud,
Lord Minto,		H.R.H. the Duke		H.R.H. the Duchess		Lady Minto.
		of Cornwall and York		of Cornwall and York.		

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1901, by Alexander Galbraith, at the Department of Agriculture.





receive the Duke and Duchess for their long land journey—the longest that can be taken on British territory. At Montreal a great welcome was accorded their Royal Highnesses, the decorations were lavish and the night illuminations superb.

Rightly enough it was at Ottawa where the royal cavalcade stayed the longest. The Royal guests were received by the Mayor and Premier, and conducted to the House of Commons.

In Winnipeg, Calgary and several other towns demonstrations were made; and now Toronto has shown that she cannot be outdone in this respect.

Wherever the Duke and Duchess have gone they have left a very good impression in the hearts of the Canadian people.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Keeping a Dog.

There is in the first place, the extremely agreeable state into which one is every now and then put by personal contact with the dog whose kindness, leading him to very familiar friends, causes your clothes to be sometimes sprinkled with herring-bone hairs, and often marked with the impression of his soiled paws. It is also very pleasant, if he happens to be a water-dog, to be besprinkled with the contents of his shaggy coat, as he shakes himself freely on coming out of his native element. How interesting too, when, the poor animal, in the spirit of sincere friendship, comes up and thrusts a nose as cold as his heart is warm into your half-closed hand, as you sit idly dreaming in your chair.

You may love your dog, but unhappily no other person does. On the contrary, all other people wonder what you can see in the animal to treat it so tenderly, and if an opportunity occurs, they are only too eager to show how they despise and loathe it. Many a secret kick does the poor creature get from friends and servants, and is done out of his most important privileges. Seldom indeed does he receive justice or kindness from anybody but yourself. If in the merest good nature he leaps upon some women, then as soon as papa comes home you may look for a note from that gentleman representing the crime in the most alarming way and demanding that you must shoot your dog, or he will have to take most serious steps. You generally manage to come out of the argument, however, without any serious injury to yourself or your dog.

Some day you may happen to take it into your head to go out for a walk, and you ac-

cordingly take your dog with you. You pass a park and think you will go in. As you are about to enter you see a sign bearing the following inscription, "All dogs found in this park will be shot." You have either to keep out and sacrifice your former plan or run the risk of having the dog shot. After vain regrets and many threats at the defenceless animal you retrace your steps, but only to find that the dog has taken advantage of your unwatchfulness, and is running all around the park at the risk of having himself shot. He however on the contrary escapes with his life, but is pursued by a burly policeman, bound on having his scalp. The dog seeks your protection, and you have difficulty in proving to the "cop" that he is not your property.

On another occasion my dog got in a fight with another. After glaring at each other for a while, they started in to show what they were made of. The result was that the other animal got nearly eaten up. The owner of the other dog complains that it was mine which first set on, while I was sure that it was his. I was afraid that I would be fined, for as they said I was directly responsible for the enemy's disreputable appearance and I was glad to get off without any serious mishap.

Strange.

Indian Treaty Day at Fort McLeod.

Three years ago, while I was in the North West, I had the opportunity of witnessing a sight which I will not forget for many years to come.

The sixteenth of October was Treaty Day. That is, the day upon which the Indians receive the money due to them from the Government. Every Indian or I should say every blood Indian receives a sort of pension for every year that he stays on the reserve.

Of course they have to spend this money, and many sharpers strike the town about this time.

For about three days before the appointed time, cow-punchers, sharpers, and Indians can be seen coming into the town, the Indians putting up wherever they can find a place to sleep and as nearly everybody in the town is willing to take boarders the cow-punchers, sharpers, etc., find lots of accommodation.

On the day following the one on which they get their money there is generally racing, sports and trials of roping steers and it is of this and what occurred there that I am going to tell of.

First they had foot races and some petty prize was given to the winner. He was a small wiry Indian who when the pistol was fired, jumped away from everybody, but one a long-legged cow-puncher, had discarded his long leather legging, boots and steason hat and was running in his bare feet. As both these men were splendid runners I watched for them in the next race, and here the cow-puncher was victorious, doing a time over one hundred yards in ten seconds. I think that either one of these men could give one of our eastern athletes a run for his money. Next there was a squaw's race which ended in a fight, but let us leave the sports and look through the crowd.

Here and there a mounted policeman in his large stedson or pony hat, white canvas suit, long tan leather jack boots and belts, etc., of the same colored leather, is riding about keeping order or stopping some sharper from working his skin game on a poor half drunken idiot of a cowboy or an Indian, for Mr. Indian is in most cases an inveterate gambler when he starts. Among the crowd we often see a tourist or a kodak hound corraling a bunch of Indians to take their photograph. Here is where we see the cunning of the Indian illustrated.

He will pretend to be frightened and threaten to smash the kodak calling it the evil eye and the poor kodak fiend attempts to bribe him offering a pack of cigarettes or a couple of cigars but the Indian will only take money and then sometimes if he strikes a cinch, he will hit him up for fifty cents or more.

Some of these Indians make a regular business of this and dress up fantastically with feathers, frilled legging and even some of them go so far as to put on war paint. As a rule you will find that the ones who play this game are generally half-breeds who do not seem so romantic in every day life when they are dressed with a cow's breakfast hat, a blue flannel shirt, coarse salt and pepper trousers and in place of moccasins, heavy hob-nailed riveted boots.

As the crowd seems to be watching something apparently very interesting let us go and see what is is.

As we draw near, the crowd at one end opens and a man dressed in real cow-puncher style rides out. As he comes forth he is greeted with a cheer, for he is the last year's champion roper from the O. Y. ranch, and many a supporter among white and red men stake their pile on George Skelding, champion of Alberta.

There were several entries, nearly every

ranch from the surrounding country being represented.

The manner of trial is as follows: A steer is let go and given so much start, being chased in a certain direction. When the steer has reached its time limit of so many seconds start, the competitor gallops after it. He has to rope, throw, and tie the steer up. The one who does this in the least time is the winner. Now as you may imagine this is no easy feat and it is really wonderful to see the skill of some of those who have entered.

As was expected the representative from O. Y. ranch again came out ahead and as he was proclaimed the winner, he was greeted with cheers while the defeated ones grumbled out excuses about having a harder steer, or his horse being lame before the trial, and if it had not been for the diligence of the police, the thing would quite likely have ended in a scrap.

Horse racing was the next thing that attracted you and one of the most interesting events was a squaw's race.

There were about fifteen entries and of course the squaws rode astride the same as everybody does in the west. It was in this race that a sad accident occurred which marred the whole proceedings to such an extent that they were called off.

A young squaw who was riding a very spirited pony could not manage it, and consequently got a very poor start. Her husband seeing that the horse was not doing its best ran out into the track and slashed it with his quilt, the horse shied, stumbled and fell, rolling over on the poor squaw breaking her back.

It was found out that the Indian was under the influence of liquor, which in spite of the police had been smuggled in and sold to the people in the following curious manner:

Ordinary hen's eggs had been taken and the inside blown out of them, then they were filled with liquor and a small strip of some kind of adhesive oiled paper had been put over the holes.

The perpetrators of this crime which fatally were never caught as somehow or other they had heard that the police had got next to them and accordingly rode for the boundary some forty or fifty miles distant.

The Indian was put in jail but was released a short time afterwards.

As we saw that there would not be any more sports, after the accident we rode home tired out, but never the less, we were not destined to get much sleep that night for an unseen accident occurred of which I will some time relate.

The Telephone.

The telephone, as most of you are no doubt aware, is one of our most recent as well as most useful inventions, and there is not the slightest doubt but what we owe many heartfelt thanks to the man who invented it. But what I wish you to observe is the different phrases of character brought out by means of the phone, with someone at the other end of course; and just to prove the veracity of my statement, I will relate one of my experiences.

While loitering in the hall the other day, I noticed a certain youth ring up the phone. Now there is nothing very unusual in that, we all have friends, although perhaps you would not think it to look at some of us. But what struck me was the peculiar expression of his features. Have you ever seen the face of a boy about to be caned? Well, he looked like that, so I determined to remain and await further developments. I thought he was going to commit suicide, and had the good grace to order his coffin beforehand. However, finally he succeeded in getting the number, and then shaking with suppressed excitement, and with the elocution of a boy about to ask leave down town, (or to ask the loan of a livespot), inquired if he might speak to a certain Miss —, I won't give the name away. Now I know I should not have remained there in the hall, but I could not resist. After some time he succeeded in getting the person he wished, and then what a contrast! His face was now wreathed in smiles, and while hugging himself in seeming delightful anticipation, he breathed such sweet, gentle, soothing words, in a voice so soft and low as to suggest to one the cooing of a dove. What a face there must have been at the other end! and what inspiring words must have floated along that rusty old wire to cause such a transformation! Until that moment I never dreamed it was possible for a young lady to give so much real heavenly bliss, and although I am a most ardent woman-hater, I was almost tempted to recant and mentally vowed, from that moment, if I might be allowed to use the words of a popular song, "Get a lady of my own."

Notes.

There was a young lad in B. A.,
Who went to play tag one day,
His face wore a smile sublime,
If it only did last a short time
The boy that he chased the door after him
slammed,
Poor Agricola's fingers got horribly
jammed.

Cheer up Gillis there's some chance for you
if he's only been out six weeks.

An appeal for funds has been made by
Smite, the president of 'The society for pre-
venting the waste of good eatibles.' Need-
less to say it is a worthy cause and no doubt
will be ably supported by the members of the
society.

Reddy says he rather likes to MacKay,
(Make hay) when the sun shines.

Who said the great commander hadn't a
splendid complexion Friday night.

Look in the upper drawer its name begins
R—e.

J. P. our fifth form artist is turning out
fine work this year.

All is not cream that comes from Bob's
Jersey cow.

The College Artillery company has been in-
creased by three guns.

A noticeable change has come over Ma-
theson, of the bread and gravy eaters, since
he gave up eating meat.

The Juniors are very much amused at Mac-
Fayden's daily constitutional, around Ros-
dale.

Minnie showed himself to be a competent
housemaid in the Vth Form play. Better tell
Mrs. Duke. We need them. ...

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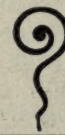
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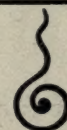


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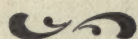
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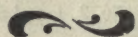


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